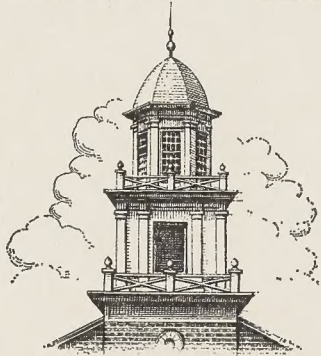


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ENGLISH  
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# BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

## PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENTS

1962

All matters relative to your room and board, mail, and any charges you may incur (apart from the regular bill for tuition, board and room) should be referred to Mr. Donovan, Resident Manager, at the INN DESK.

For details regarding the management of the School, please make inquiry at the DIRECTOR'S OFFICE. All matters pertaining to your initial registration and payment of bills, information about courses, lectures, and graduate credit should be referred to the SECRETARY'S OFFICE. Director R. L. Cook and Mrs. John Cotter Secretary, are the staff to whom you should bring your request for information about details of the School.

### REGISTRATION PROCEDURE

Students should obtain confirmation of their courses from the Secretary's Office as soon after arrival at Bread Loaf as possible. Students who have not completed registration of courses in advance must personally consult with the Director. Appointments may be made with Mrs. Cotter.

Registration is not completed until a registration card, a "notify in case of accident" card, and, in certain cases, an off-campus address card have been returned to the Secretary's Office. Please be sure to fill in the registration card on both sides.

A representative of the College Bursar's Office will be in the Blue Parlor on Wednesday, June 27. It is requested that all bills which have not been paid be attended to at this time. Receipts for bills paid in advance may be obtained at this time.

Please keep in mind the fact that if you wish to change your status from that of a non-credit student to that of a credit student or vice versa in any course, this change must be made on or before July 2. All changes in courses must be made with the approval of the Director. For a change from one course to another, after July 2, a charge of one dollar will be made. All persons desiring to visit classes in which they are not enrolled must also obtain permission from the Director.

### MAIL SCHEDULE

Outgoing mail must be posted not later than 9:00 A.M. and 2:00 P.M. Mail will be ready for distribution at the following hours: 10:30 A.M. and 3:30 P.M.



### MEAL HOURS

In a day or two the regular seating plan will go into effect. Please consult the chart on the dining room door to ascertain your table assignments.

<u>Daily</u>	<u>Sunday</u>
Breakfast 7:30-8:00 A. M.	Breakfast 8:00-8:30 A. M.
Luncheon 12:45-1:00 P. M.	Dinner 1:00-1:30 P. M.
Dinner 6:00-6:15 P. M.	Supper 6:00-6:30 P. M.

Since all of the waiters and waitresses are students, it is urgently requested that all students come to meals promptly, especially to breakfast, so that those who are waiting on table may be able to reach their classes on time. In the morning the door will be closed at 8:00. No students may be served breakfast after that time. Please do not ask the head waiter to make exceptions to this regulation. He has no authority to do so.

### SUPPLIES

Stationery, notebook paper, pencils, ink, etc., may be purchased at the Bookstore, post cards at the Front Desk, and cigarettes at the Snack Bar. It is impossible for credit to be extended, so please do not ask for it.

### BOOKSTORE

It is urgently requested that students purchase their texts immediately because it is frequently necessary for us to order additional copies. It is impossible to allow students to maintain charge accounts at the Bookstore, and we hope that students will cooperate by not asking for any favors of this kind. The hours when the Bookstore will be open will be announced soon.

### BREAD LOAF PARKING REGULATIONS

A preliminary notice concerning parking has been made in the bulletin. Stringently enforced state laws prohibit the parking of cars on the side of the highway, and it is requested that students and guests endeavor to keep the roads clear in front of the Inn. Students at Tamarack may park their cars on the lawn under the trees by the main road. All others should use the parking space near the Barn.

### PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENTS

In the Little Theatre at 8:15 Wednesday evening, Dr. Freeman, Director of the Summer Schools, and Mr. Cook will speak. An informal reception will be held in the Recreation Hall in the Barn directly after the preliminary meeting in the Little Theatre.

Mr. Robert Frost will give a lecture-reading at 8:15 P.M. on Monday, July 2



BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH 1962

MEAL HOURS:

<u>Daily</u>		<u>Sunday</u>	
* Breakfast	7:30-8:00	Breakfast	8:00-8:30
Luncheon	12:45-1:00	Dinner	1:00-1:15
Dinner	6:00-6:15	Supper	6:00-6:15
*Saturday breakfast will be served from 8:00 to 8:30			

INVITATION: Sunday after-dinner coffee is served in the Blue Parlor.

Dictation: Miss Lois Thorpe Head Waiter: Mr. Donald Woodworth

MAIN DESK: Mr. Thomas Donovan, Manager; Mr. Michael Black; Mr. Eric Horsting  
Weekdays 8:00 a. m.-8:00 p. m. (Switchboard open until 10:00 p. m.)  
Sundays 8:00 a. m.-1:00 p. m. 7:00 p. m.-8:00 a. m. Switchboard till 10:00

POST OFFICE: Open weekdays from 8:00 a. m. to 6:00 p. m. Closed on Sunday  
Outgoing mail should be

posted by 8:00 a. m. and 4:00 p. m.

Incoming mail is ready for distribution at 10:00 and 5:00

LIBRARY HOURS: Miss Ruth Pillsbury; Miss Ara Golman, assistant  
Monday through Friday 8:15 a. m.-12:30 p. m.; 2:00 p. m.-5:00 p. m.  
7:15 p. m.-10:00 p. m.  
Saturday 9:00 a. m.-12:00 noon; 2:00-4:00 p. m.  
Sunday 9:00 a. m. - 12:00 noon; 7:15-10:00 p. m.

The library will be closed during all special lectures as announced.

BOOKSTORE HOURS: Mr. Eric Horsting  
Monday-Friday: 8-9:30; 1:30-2:30 p. m. Saturday: 8-10:00 a. m.

SNACK BAR HOURS: Mr. Wilfred Holton, Misses Betsy Nevin and Elizabeth Abbott  
Open 8:30 a. m. to 11:00 p. m. Opens Wednesday, June 27 at 1:30 p. m.

CLINIC: Mrs. Elizabeth Bristol, nurse. Infirmary in Room 2, Birch Cottage  
Weekdays 8:00 a. m.-8:30 a. m.; 1:30-2:00 p. m.; 6:45-7:15 p. m.  
Sundays 8:30 a. m.-9:00 a. m.; 2:00-2:30 p. m.; 6:45-7:15 p. m.

DIRECTOR'S OFFICE HOURS: Mr. Cook is on call at all times.  
Monday-Friday 8:30 a. m.-12:00; 1:30-2:15  
Saturday: 8:30 a. m.-12:00 noon

SECRETARY'S OFFICE HOURS: Mrs. Janet Cotter  
Weekdays: 8:15 a. m.-12:30 p. m.; 1:30 p. m.-2:30 p. m.  
Saturday: 8:30 a. m.-12:00 noon

TAXI SCHEDULE: Trips are made Monday, Wednesday, and Friday afternoon.  
The charge is \$1.00 for round trip payable at start.  
Leave Bread Loaf Inn at 1:45 p. m.; arrive at Middlebury 2:05 p. m.  
Leave Middlebury at Rexall Drug Store 3:45, arrive Bread Loaf 4:05 p. m.  
The taxi will leave both stations at the scheduled time and can not wait for stragglers.

DRY CLEANING AND LAUNDRY.

Twice a week an agent picks up dry cleaning and laundry.  
Shortly two laundry machines will be installed in the basement of Larch.

TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH

1. Telephone calls: (a) A pay station for outgoing calls is on the first floor of the Inn at the foot of the stairs near the Bookstore. The number is Dudley 8-9348. All students must use this phone.  
(b) Incoming calls for Bread Loaf residents are handled through the Middlebury exchange: Dudley 8-4941. (c) EXCEPT IN EMERGENCY, PLEASE HAVE INCOMING CALLS PLACED BEFORE 10:00 p. m. AT WHICH TIME THE SWITCHBOARD CLOSES. Students should check mail boxes several times daily for messages and notices of calls, especially around meal times.

2. Telegrams are telephoned into Middlebury Western Union. Ask for forms at the main desk; the attendant will telephone the message to the operator.

STUDENTS WHO ARE TO BE AWAY OVERNIGHT SHOULD INFORM THE DIRECTOR OF THE SCHOOL ON THE MAIN DESK, AND LEAVE ADDRESS OR TELEPHONE NUMBER WHERE THEY CAN BE REACHED.



1962 Prospective Seniors

Names as they request them to appear on their diplomas:

WILLIAM EDWARD BEANE

JANE VICTORIA BERTOLINO

KATHLEEN CLAIRE DOWNEY

ARTHUR HAZARD DOYLE

GEORGE THOMAS DUNLOP

RUTH ELIZABETH EVANS

MARGARET GRANT FIELDS

FREDERICK JOHN FOSHER

LLOYD W. KLINE

PAUL G. MCGRADY

MARY LOUISE MINTON

CATHERINE ALICIA MURPHY

H. ROGER NELSON

HAROLD ELMER NUGENT

ANNA MARY PAUL

LEICESTER ROGERS

JOY COBLE ROULSTON

JEAN MARGARET SZCZYPIEN

ELIZABETH WAHLQUIST

KATHRYN WELDY

21 MARCIA JEANNE ZAHN



# BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH

1962

## General Statistics

### Student attendance by states: (according to winter address)

Alabama	1
California	6
Connecticut	15
Dist. of Columbia	2
Florida	1
Georgia	1
Illinois	11
Kansas	3
Maine	1
Maryland	5
Massachusetts	30
Michigan	7
Minnesota	2
Missouri	4
New Hampshire	9
New Jersey	9
New York	43
Ohio	7
Oklahoma	1
Pennsylvania	16
Rhode Island	2
So. Carolina	2
Utah	1
Vermont	6
Virginia	3
Washington	1
Wisconsin	1
Canada	4
Puerto Rico	1

(26 states & D.C. represented)

Total student attendance	195
Men students	74
Women students	121
Old students	100
New students	95
Candidates for Midd. M.A.	140
Graduated pre-1955 (&1955)	82
Graduated post-1955	111
Undergraduates	2
No. of colleges represented	119
Off-campus students	31
Scholarship students	5
Seniors	21
Prospective 1963 seniors	
Auditors	10
Working for 8 credits	10
" " 7 "	8
" " 6 "	136
" " 5 "	2
" " 4 "	26
" " 2 "	3

### Attendance by courses:

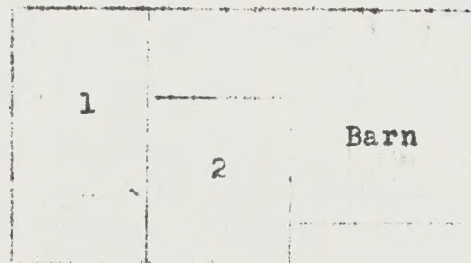
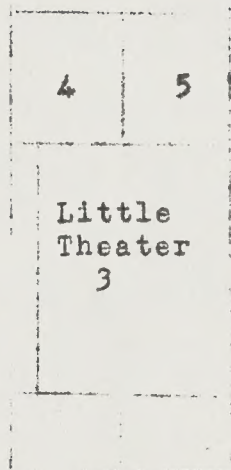
The short story	36
Milton	33
Four Romantic Poets	40
Dr. Johnson & Burke	10
Curriculum and methods	22
The Elizabethan lyric	29
Yeats, Eliot and Auden	50
Yeats and Joyce	31
Henry James and Stephen Crane	27

The craft of poetry	30
Shakespeare	44
Swift and Pope	20
Faulkner and Hemingway	54
Play directing	9
The teaching of literature	31
Deep Form in Minor and Major Poetry	15
Modern European Fiction	51



# Schedule of Classes

1962



8:30 A.M.

17	The Short Story	Mr. Meredith	Barn 1
32	Milton	Mr. Kelley	Barn 2
11	Four Romantic Poets	Mr. Baker	Little Th.3
24	Dr. Johnson	Mr. Stanlis	Little Th.4

9:30 A.M.

86	Curriculum and Methods	Mr. Lindley	Little Th.5
23	The Elizabethan Lyric	Mr. Davidson	Barn 1
14	Yeats, Eliot and Auden	Miss Drew	Little Th.3
101	Yeats and Joyce	Mr. Connolly	Little Th.4
107	Henry James and Stephen Crane	Mr. Berryman	Barn 2

10:30 A. M.

25	The Craft of Poetry	Mr. Meredith	Barn 1
28	Shakespeare	Mr. Kelley	Barn 2
33	Swift and Pope	Mr. Stanlis	Little Th.4
106	Faulkner and Hemingway	Mr. Baker	Little Th.3

11:30 A. M.

7a	Play Directing	Mr. Volkert	Little Th.4
87	The Teaching of Literature	Mr. Lindley	Barn 2
108	Deep Form in Minor and Major Poetry	Mr. Berryman	Barn 1
37	Modern European Fiction	Mr. Connolly	Little Th.3

8:30 A.M.

17	The Short Story	Mr. Meredith	Barn 1
32	Milton	Mr. Kelley	Barn 2
11	Four Romantic Poets	Mr. Baker	Little Th.3
24	Dr. Johnson	Mr. Stanlis	Little Th.4

9:30 A.M.



The Bread Loaf School of English

Program for the 1962 Session

Monday, July 2	Robert Frost - Poetry Reading - Little Theater 8:15 p.m.
Monday, July 9	William Meredith - Poetry Reading Little Theater, 7:15 p.m.
Wednesday, July 11	Musical Program - Little Theater, 7:15 p.m.  Norma Auchter, pianist  Donald Hammond, flutist
Saturday, July 14	Square Dance - The Barn, 8:45 p.m.
Monday, July 16	Elizabeth Drew - "The Literature of Gossip" Little Theater, 7:15 p.m.
Friday, July 20	Two One-Act Plays - Little Theater, 8:15 p.m.  <u>Madwoman of Chaillot</u> by Jean Giradoux  <u>A Marriage Proposal</u> by Anton Chekhov
Saturday, July 21	<u>Waiting for Godot</u> by Samuel Beckett Little Theater, 8:15 p.m.
Tuesday, July 24	Piano Recital - Little Theater, 7:15 p.m.  Natalie Derujinsky, pianist
Saturday, July 28	Square Dance - The Barn, 8:45 p.m.
Monday, July 30	John Berryman - Poetry Reading - Little Theater 7:15 p.m.
Friday, August 3 and Saturday, August 4	<u>Our Town</u> by Thornton Wilder - Little Theater 8:30 p.m.
Saturday, August 11	Commencement Exercises - Little Theater, 8:15 p.m.



The Bread Loaf School of English

COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS

Elizabeth Drew

August 11, 1962

ON NOT WAITING FOR GODOT

President Stratton, Dr. Freeman, Dr. Cook, Members of the Class of 1962, Fellows in our Bread Loaf Community:

When you seniors first asked me to speak on this occasion, I spent a considerable time waiting and hoping that some sages would "perme in a gyre" to bring me some fiery inspiration. Nothing happened. But when I had seen the play Waiting for Godot, it provoked me, as it provokes everyone, to ponder on its meaning and its "message" -- for all serious literary art seeks to communicate something -- and it set me thinking about what we call our "cultural climate."

At an international Writer's Conference in Zurich in 1922, four years after the conclusion of World War I, the French poet, Paul Valéry, said in his opening speech:

The storm has died away, and still we are uneasy, as if the storm were about to break. Almost all the affairs of men remain in a terrible uncertainty. We do not know what will be born -- and we fear the future, not without reason...Doubt and disorder are in us and with us. There is no thinking man who can hope to dominate this anxiety, to escape from the impression of darkness, to measure the probable duration of this period when the vital relations of humanity are profoundly disturbed.

This was also the year which saw the publication of Ulysses and The Waste Land, those strange works of genius, embodying doubt and disorder, and pointing to the profound disturbance in the vital relations of humanity.



In the forty years since, all that Valéry and his fellow writers dreaded has been confirmed a hundred-fold. The writer today, like everyone else, faces a world split and darkened by ideological, political and economic conflicts, and their resulting violence and bloodshed; a whole new world of science and technology transforms the old pattern of knowledge; "the new philosophy calls all in doubt" in the fields of conceptual thinking; and a vast mass material civilization seems to make the old-fashioned liberal humanism of the nineteenth century alien and obsolete. While the old creed was that "without vision the people perish," the new creed of the people is that they perish without television.

Our best writers of this century are (or have been) intensely unhappy in this climate. They feel themselves in a decaying civilization, they rebel against it, and most of them despair of it. D. H. Lawrence saw modern man as spiritually starved through the loss of all significant relationship with the creative forces larger than himself.

Vitally the human race is dying. It is like a great uprooted tree, with its roots in the air. We must plant ourselves again in the Universe... We are bleeding at the roots because we are cut off from the earth and sun and stars.

Yeats saw Western civilization disintegrating into destructive violence on the one hand and apathy on the other.

Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;  
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world...  
The best lack all conviction, while the worst  
Are full of passionate intensity.

Auden writes at the beginning of World War II:

In the nightmare of the dark  
All the dogs of Europe bark,  
And the living nations wait,  
Each sequestered in its hate.



(And we must now add the dogs of Asia and Africa.) While on the radio and in the press "Each language pours its vain/ Competitive excuse."

It's the same with their vision of the industrial world and its vast mechanisms. That Louis MacNiece calls

The little sardine men crammed in a monster toy,  
Who tilt their aggregate beast against our crumbling Troy.

Yeats lashes out in fury at the disruption of what was to him an organic social hierarchy, as he looks

On this foul world and its decline and fall;  
On gangling stocks grown great, great stocks run dry,  
Ancestral pearls all pitched into a sty...

and sees himself

thrown upon this filthy modern tide  
And by its formless spawning fury wrecked...

Joyce gives a hideous picture of the meanness and stagnation of his Dublin; and Eliot of the loss of identity and the loss of community in city life. That dawn scene in the Preludes, when men and women are dehumanized and fragmented into mere muddy feet tramping to early coffee stands, and all the hands raising dingy shades in a thousand furnished rooms; or the faceless crowds in The Waste Land streaming over London Bridge to their offices; or the Hollow Men, the stuffed men, who have lost all power of <sup>the</sup> will and become like scarecrows, "behaving as the wind behaves"--always acted upon, never acting, and ending in the whimper of despair.

On the face of it Becket's play, Waiting for Godot, seems the extreme presentation of this psychic starvation. His pathetic tramp-clowns are indeed in one way the theatrical embodiment of the Hollow Men:

Shape without form, shade without color,  
Paralysed force, gesture without motion.



They seem to touch the nadir of modern despair. Many contradictory interpretations of the play have been advanced, but I don't myself feel that Becket is just describing the contemporary scene, I think his characters embody certain changeless elements in human existence; suffering, endurance, repetition, questioning, rebellion, resentment, frustration; and many of the eternal contradictions in the human make-up: isolation, fellowship; hope, despair; generosity, indifference; charity, greed; the longing for salvation, the bleakness of disappointment.

They never get any further. Each act ends with one of them saying: "Let's go" and with the stage direction "They stay." Man never gets any answers, but he stays--he persists. He's as Hopkins calls him, "dear and dogged man." As Gogo says in the play: "What's the good of losing heart now -- we should have thought of it a million years ago."

In fact, time expands or contracts throughout. One day Pozzo, the embodiment of material power, thinks he has tamed destiny and made it his slave. The next day -- or a lifetime later -- blind, helpless, he has fallen from riches to rags and is in worse shape than the tramps. Yet Pozzo's spirit too is inextinguishable. "What do you do when you fall far from help?" asks Didi, and Pozzo replies: "We wait till we get up. Then we go on."

"The air is full of our cries," says Didi again, and echoing through the text are recurring pleas and complaints: "Help me! Help me!", "I can't go on like this.", "Nothing to be done.", "Where am I?", "Who are you?", "What are we doing here?", "I don't know.", "I don't know."

Becket has said of his writing: "I'm working with impotence and



ignorance. I don't think impotence has been exploited in the past."

Here I feel he is wrong. His play is a new art-form. It suggests the tragi-comedy of man's frustrations in a mixture of the techniques of the vaudeville act, the circus clown, the mime, the morality play and the parody -- though I think he falls into the fallacy of "imitative form." A sense of the monotony of life is not created successfully by long stretches of repetitive dialogue. But though the forms are new the themes of ignorance and impotence seem to me old themes. On the comic side, Sterne in Tristram Shandy creates endless fun out of his hero's struggles with the dimensions of time and space, which keep entangling him in nets of contradiction and paradox. The problem of human identity, too, "Who am I?" and of logic and language and of human knowledge and the impossibility of its satisfactory verification--all these are constant subjects of Sterne's comic irony and invention.

And as to the tragic aspects of ignorance and impotence, surely the whole of tragic art has always been founded upon them? Every tragic hero, like Pozzo has "Such wonderful, wonderful sight" when he sets out to impose his will on circumstance. He always starts out so full of self-ignorance and so sure of his power over his own destiny, so certain that his "luck" can be exploited and driven the way he wants. Whether the tragic hero is a good man like Oedipus or Hamlet, or an ambitious one like Macbeth or a pig-headed one like Lear; or an evil woman like Hedda Gabler, or pathetically well-intentioned and hopeful ones, like Chekov's three sisters, the pattern is the same. They all plan their own self-fulfillment in the terms of their own particular needs. Then events, or other people, or their own temperaments (or all three



together) start ironically to thwart them and to produce the opposite of their hopes. They reach a point of self-revelation where at last they see their own illusions and ignorance. But it is too late for them to benefit by such self-knowledge. By then they are in the net or the trap and are impotent to free themselves. They perish, either in actual death or in despair.

6 I do not myself believe in any cathartic value in tragic art. As usually interpreted it does not seem to me to make sense-- why would anyone want to be purged of pity? And I understand from classical scholars that the text of Aristotle's Poetics is very corrupt--it's probably only his lecture notes after all! -- so that there's good reason to be skeptical about his meaning. Different tragedies leave us with many different kinds of emotional responses-- horror, grief, rebellion, positive acquiescence, reluctant acceptance, despair-- but I'm sure A. C. Bradley is right in saying that the predominant feeling is usually that of waste. Not only the waste of all the innocent lives that perish along with the guilty, but also because in the personality of the hero so often his original self-deception has been replaced by insight, but too late to save himself and his victims.

In fact all great tragedies deal with man's failures rather than his triumphs. Usually the occasions when we are left with any sense of exaltation are when the human finite story is set in a framework of religious transcendence. In Samson Agonistes, for instance:

Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail  
Or knock the heart, no weakness, no contempt,  
Dispraise or blame, nothing but well and fair  
And what may profit us in a death so noble.



Or in a minor way in Eliot's Murder in the Cathedral, where after Thomas' martyrdom the Chorus declares, "the darkness declares the glory of light." But by then these plays have ceased to be tragedies and have become Divine Comedies.

But to get back to our own world. Our contemporary writers have given us a gloomy and bitter picture of it and a despairing one. Many of them have found their own individual faiths: in God or the Life-force or in the living of life for its own sake or in devotion to the practice of their art. Their pictures of our sick society remain, but I suspect they are very partial pictures. As the poet whom we think of here as our special poet, says with his unfailing good sense:

We may doubt the just proportion of good to ill.  
There is much in nature against us. But we forget:  
Take nature altogether since time began,  
Including human nature, in peace and war,  
And it must be a little more in favor of man,  
Say a fraction of one per cent at the very least,  
Or our number living wouldn't be steadily more,  
Our hold on the planet wouldn't have so increased.

Our sicknesses may or may not be worse than those of past societies. I suspect that we have some different symptoms, but that basically we don't change much. Other ages have been riven with revolutions in knowledge and perspective, with wars and confusion and corruption, while common people like ourselves have got on with their jobs and the business of coping with their own social and emotional problems. The two cultures will shake down together in time, just as they did after the seventeenth century revolutions. (That is, of course, if the power politicians don't annihilate us first. What Auden calls "the horrible nurses / Itching to boil their children.")



But though our society may not be sicker than others, I think no age has been so self-conscious about its maladies, or spent so much time taking its emotional pulse and temperature, and been so depressed and obsessed about its own symptoms. For what really troubles us about so much of the writings of the avant-garde of today is not that they are so acutely aware of the manifold ills of the human lot, but that they don't seem to be aware of anything else. They speak as psychologically displaced persons in an ugly and alien society, avid for money, power or ease, and wholly lacking in any qualities of courage or hope or conviction -- what we think of as the traditional heroic qualities, which are equally a part of our human heritage.

Tragedy has always accepted human failure and impotence, but it was always failure after a fight; conflict was its heart and hub. The characters always believed in something, either good or evil. And what is most puzzling, I find, about the movement known as the "Theater of the Absurd" and its kindred branches in the Hipsters and the Beats is the shock of these writers at discovering that life now has no meaning. I don't know at what period life ever had any meaning apart from that which the mind of man has put into it. It is after all man who has created all his many religions, his myths, his philosophies, his ethical ideas, his languages, his political and social institutions -- all the ways in which he has related himself to his God, to his society and to his fellow human beings.

These are all very imperfect, it is true, but they contain all the affirmations of the human race to put in the balance against its despairs, and in our own literature we possess at least three thousand years of this tradition; a tradition in which all these



things are mirrored and interpreted: all the mess and the muddle and the horror and all the patience and courage and love.

We who teach are fortunate, because it is that mirror world with which we are concerned in our jobs. We all have our particular forms of personal escape and consolation; the bridge-table, detective fiction, tobacco, the country-side, sports, the company of our friends; but our central vocation, in spite of its drudgeries and in spite of our own ignorance and impotence, opens an escape not out of life but into a more intense kind of living. Our materials are not only about all the multitudinous seas of human experience but are in themselves the only man-made things that do not change, that have intrinsic order and proportion and harmony: works of art.

In Joyce's Ulysses, when Mr. Bloom and Stephen Dedalus meet and talk, Mr. Bloom, the practical liver of life, "dissented tacitly from Stephen's views on the eternal affirmation of the spirit of man in literature;" but elsewhere Stephen insists that "in the spirit of the maker all flesh that passes becomes the word that shall not pass away." We cannot dictate what the artists shall write; some may only be able to create their artistic order out of the doubt and disorder in and around them: the creation of that is their form of action. But as teachers, ours is the practical but ever-exciting task of spreading knowledge of, and insight into, as wide a variety as we can of the "word" that the spirit of the makers has brought forth. Henry James gave the creators their creed in an essay on The Future of the Novel, published back in 1889, which sounds as if it might have been written today. It applies to all forms of writing but naturally he puts the novel first. After deploring man's faculty for mutilating and disfiguring



his own creations, he declares nevertheless that so long as life retains the power of projecting itself upon man's imagination, the novel will remain the best mirror for his impressions.

He will give it up only when life itself too thoroughly disagrees with him. Even then, indeed, may fiction not find a second wind, or a fiftieth, in the very portrayal of that collapse? Till the world is an unpeopled void there will be an image in the mirror. What need more immediately concern us, therefore, is the care of seeing that the image shall continue various and vivid.

The ending seems to me to apply to teaching as much as to writing. The artists give us the innumerable mirrors; what immediately concerns us is that our presentation of the images shall continue various and vivid.